Vpon whose leaues are drops of new shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distild on flowers,
A verie fatall place it seemes to mee,
Speake brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh brother with the dismalst obiect hurt,
That euer eie with sight made hart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them here,
That he thereby may haue a likely gesse, *Exit.*
How these were they, that made away his brother.
Martius. VVhy dost not comfort me and help me out
From this vnhollow, and blood stained hole.
Quintus. I am surprised with an vncouth feare,
A chilling sweat oreruns my trembling ioynts,
My hart suspects more than mine eie can see.
Martius. To proue thou hast a true diuining hart,
Aron, and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.
Quintus. Aron is gone, and my compassionate hart,
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold,
The thing where at it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me who it is, for nere till now,
VVas I a child to feare I know not what.
Martius. Lord *Bassianus* lies bereaud in blood,
All on a heape like to a slaughtered Lambe,
In this detested darke blood drinking pit.
Quintus. If it be darke how dost thou know tis hee,
Martius. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A pretious ring, that lightens all this hole:
VVhich like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthy cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intrals of this pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on Priamus,
VVhen he by night lay bathd in Maiden blood,
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If feare hath made thee faint as me it hath,

Out

Out of this fell deuourin
As hatefull as *Ocitus* mis
Quint. Reach me thy
Or wanting strength to
I may be pluckt into the
Of this deepe pit, poore
I haue no strength to plu
Martius. Nor I no stre
Quint. Thy hand on
Till thou art here a loft o
Thou canst not come to

Enter the E

Saturninus. Along with
And what he is that now
Say who art thou that la
Into this gaping hollow
Martius. The vnhap
Brought hither in a most
To finde thy brother *Bas*
Saturninus. My brot
He and his Ladie both ar
Vpon the north side of t
Tis not an houre since I le
Mart. VVe know n
But out alas, here haue we

Enter Tamora, A

Tamora. VVhere is
King. Here *Tamora*, th
Tamora. VVhere is th
King. Now to the bott